The SAN DIEGO GARDEN FAIR

EVGEN NEVHAVS

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VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION FROM BALBOA PARK

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PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS
OF THE ARCHITECTURE, SCULPTURE
HORTICULTURE, COLOR SCHEME
& OTHER AESTHETIC ASPECTS
of the PANAMA CALIFORNIA
INTERNATIONAL
EXPOSITION

By

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OF THE EXPOSITION

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To the memory of
Father Junipero Serra
and to his fellow pioneers whose saintly devotion
and dauntless courage established Christi-
anity and civilization in California
March 1, 1916

Publisher's Announcement

The great success of the two books by Mr. Neuhaus on the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco last year and the continuation of the Panama California International Exposition at San Diego into the year 1916 were the direct causes of this book, which it is hoped will be received with the same generous appreciation as the others

March 1, 1916

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INTRODUCTION

THE *San Diego Exposition has many times been spoken of as a little gem, and while this description may savor of the colloquial, it is the best possible complimentary characterization. A gem indeed it is, not alone for the lustre of its architecture but largely for the splendor of its setting, which gives it a most unique distinction among expositions past and recent.*

We observe here at San Diego for the first time a setting, a natural site, which on all sides gently and logically connects with the surrounding country. In the olden days, and even yet in recent days, exposition sites have often been selected like the conventional baseball field, by choosing a remote and undesirable piece of land which held out no attractions other than those temporarily transplanted. They seldom approached their immediate surroundings in a reverent and sympathetic way. In the old days it has too often been an ordeal to approach expositions — it seemed as if the most disreputable parts of towns — the slums — the most depressing sights of the town, had been selected to tune up the visitor in his approach for the more æsthetic sights within the gates. It has been that way with some of our recent expositions on the American continent, particularly where there was no other choice.

Here in San Diego this is delightfully different — one does not even know where the Exposition really begins. An enchanting park, beginning almost in the heart of the city, stretches toward the Exposition, affording distant glimpses of the archi-

tecture here and there, and if it were not for the ultimate unavoidable conventional turnstile, the physical boundaries of the Exposition would never disclose themselves to the expectant visitor. I had the feeling of being in the Exposition grounds long, long before the dropping of the obolus disillusioned me. There are no fences nor hedges — at least no visible boundary lines — to remind one of the physical separation of the Exposition and the city. Indeed there is none, and it is this novel condition which is so conducive to preserving one's mental equilibrium, which so often is disturbed after one has been pushed from the bleak outside into the presence of the wonders of an exposition.

There is absolutely nothing startling about the San Diego Garden Fair. It is a haven of rest — a vast retreat — it acts like a tonic. The first glimpses one catches of its architectural aggregate, and particularly of the tower, are like a vision of romance. I thought of Maxfield Parrish and the thought never left me. Crowning a distant ridge, approached by a bridge of monumental proportions, one sees the unique architecture of the tower, the most successful architectural unit of the entire Exposition. Immediately adjoining and a part of the scheme, other light buildings lose themselves amidst the subtropical verdure of this amazing garden. The whole impression one gains is that of a vast private estate of an immensely rich Spanish grandee, rather than of a modern exposition. It is a sumptuous array — most impressive to the eye merely as a decorative feature. It has a distinct character which is due to the happy combination of a distinct type of architecture, reviving the resplendence of the Spanish-Mexican

baroque and the more simple form of the Mission style of New Mexico and California, both associated with the romantic events of the early history of America.

Whatever one may call it historically, it may be said that many of the buildings seem very successful in the strictly historical impression they create. It is very difficult to believe that the charming paradise which holds the Exposition buildings at one time was a dry mesa — a tableland overgrown with chaparral and overrun by coyotes. One has to know what can be done with a southern Californian climate and an abundance of water in order to appreciate the luxuriousness of that carpet of verdure which has been spread over the formerly barren hills. Fragrant with the penetrating odor of the acacias and the perfume of hundreds of flowers, these hills are a solid mass of every type of shrub and tree that grows in a salubrious climate.

I know it is generally considered in poor taste to speak of climate in relation to California, but I cannot help but speak of the truly ideal weather conditions I encountered during my visits, both in May of 1915 and in January of 1916. Such skies and soft breezes — they are not the lot of mortals everywhere. No wonder the people at San Diego are optimistic enough to want to extend their Exposition into another year. Since it does not in any way interfere with the use of valuable properties needed for other purposes, let alone the continuance of the pleasure the Exposition affords, it would have been regrettable to have adhered to the original one-year plan.

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THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

THE physical remoteness of San Diego from the rest of the world and the lack of knowledge of the history of the extreme west so common with the general masses, make it almost imperative to point out a few of the more important facts in the very romantic history of this part of the world. Moreover, the rightful claims of San Diego to celebrate with such conspicuous success the completion of the Panama Canal are based on very interesting historical facts which go back to the discovery of the Isthmus and the many subsequent explorations which at last brought white settlement to San Diego.

Four hundred and three years have passed since Balboa, on his westward journey, found himself barred from further marine exploration by the Isthmus of Panama. His achievement must be measured by the record of Columbus in his journey of 1492, about twenty years before him, in reaching the little island of San Salvador. In crossing the Isthmus Balboa looked down upon the placid blue waters of the Pacific Ocean, which he claimed, with all adjacent lands, as the property of His Majesty the Spanish King. It was a rather extravagant procedure, but the good Balboa was not restricted in his claim by the slightest knowledge of the

vastness of the ocean or the lands constituting its shore. It took some time, about another twenty years, before an expedition went to investigate the magnitude of Balboa's claim. They went north to see what these mythical properties were. A Portuguese, Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo, a man of adventurous mind, in the service of Spain, headed the party, and we learn from our historians that in the year 1542 he sailed into what is now San Diego harbor. For a long time it was called San Miguel, and not until many years after was the name San Diego given to it, a name it still holds.

Early in the next century, in 1602, Vizcaíno and his band formed the second party to run up the west coast of the North American continent. For chronological comparison it may be stated that this was at a time before Samuel de Champlain carried the Lilies of France up the St. Lawrence and up the Richelieu into what is now American territory, exploring the lake which still bears his name. Vizcaíno had even landed before Hudson carried the Dutch flag into New York harbor and before the English pilgrims landed at Plymouth and started the English colony in New England. In that way the history of the western coast had a very early beginning.

Unfortunately the state of affairs in Spain in particular and in Europe in general was such as to give very little promise for the early development of these remote Spanish possessions. Internal dissensions and troubles in other colonies were the direct cause. Moreover, to make matters worse, extensive European wars con-

tributed to the delay, and it was not until 1769 that a really important expedition left Mexico overland, with Portolá in charge. While on former occasions these expeditions were made up of the most adventurous characters, Portolá's expedition had the great good fortune of having as its member the inspired priest and energetic worker Fray Junípero Serra.

Only a few years ago the citizens of San Diego wished to honor him by raising a giant cross made from the stone found in the crumbling ruins of the old mission which he had built and where he had sung the first mass in 1769. The committee in charge of the ceremonies was composed of people of all creeds, proving that not Catholic alone recognized the splendid spirit of that old Franciscan. The name of Cabrillo, the discoverer, we find perpetuated in bridges and plazas, but to Serra, the modest priest, the civilizer, are other monuments. These are the twenty-one Missions that line El Camino Real, the King's Highway, seven hundred miles — stretching from San Diego to Sonoma, north of San Francisco. His monuments are the palms, the olives, the ranches, the civilization of California and the far West. Junípero Serra had been an active soldier of the church since boyhood. He was fifty-six years old when Spain decided to make use of the territory which had long been hers by right of discovery and which she was in danger of losing. Because of his labors in New Spain he was sent along with the soldiers to make permanent settlement in the new land at the north of which the discoverers had told. When the expedition was about to

start he was delayed by an injury to his foot — an injury from which he never fully recovered. A party of soldiers sailed from La Paz on January 9, 1769, aboard the San Carlos, another aboard the San Antonio in February, and a third aboard the San José still later. This last one was never heard of again. On land, two parties set forth. The crippled priest blessed them as they left, and went back to his bed to await the healing of his foot, and only a few days later followed after them, to join Governor Portolá. Two days after his arrival he wrote to a fellow priest at home:

My Dear Friend and Sir:

Thank God, I arrived the day before yesterday at this port of San Diego, truly a fine one and with reason famous. Here I found those who had set out before me, by sea as well as by land, except such as died on the way. The brethren, Fathers Crespi, Vizcaino, Parro, and Gomez, are here and with myself all well, thanks to God. Here also are two vessels, but the San Carlos is without seamen, all having died except one and the cook. The San Antonio, although she sailed a month and a half later, arrived twenty days before the San Carlos, losing on the voyage eight seamen.

In consequence of this loss the San Antonio will return to San Blas, to procure seamen for herself and the San Carlos. The causes of the delay of the San Carlos were, first, the lack of water, and second, the error in which all were respecting the situation of this port. They supposed it to be in thirty-three or thirty-four degrees north latitude,

MISSION SAN DIEGO DE ALCALÁ

and strict orders were given Captain Vila and the rest to keep out in the open sea until they should arrive in thirty-four degrees, and then make the shore in search of the port. As, however, the port really lies in 32 degrees 43 minutes, according to observations which have now been made, they went far beyond the port, thus making the voyage much longer than was necessary.

The people got daily worse from the cold and the bad water; and they must all have perished if they had not discovered the port about the time they did; for they were quite unable to launch the boat to procure more water, or to do anything whatever for their preservation. The Father Fernando did everything in his power to relieve the sick; and although he arrived much reduced in flesh he had not the disorder and is now well. We have not suffered hunger or privations, nor have the Indians who came with us. All have arrived fat and healthy.

The tract through which we have passed is generally very good land, with plenty of water; and there as well as here the country is neither rocky nor overcome with brushwood. There are, however, many hills, but they are composed of earth. The road has been in many places good, but the greater part bad. About half way the valleys and banks of rivulets began to be delightful. We found vines of a large size and in some cases quite loaded with grapes. We also found abundance of roses, which appeared to be the same as those of Castile. In fine, it is a good country, and very different from that of Old California [meaning the Peninsula].

We have seen Indians in immense numbers,

and all those on this coast of the Pacific contrive to make a good subsistence on various seeds and by fishing. This they carry on by means of rafts or canoes made of tule [bullrush] by which they go a great way to sea. All the males, old and young, go naked. The women, however, and even the female children, were decently covered from their breasts downwards. We found in our journey, as well as in the places where we stopped, that they treated us with as much confidence and good will as if they had known us all their lives; but when we offered them any of our victuals they always refused them. All they cared for was cloth, and only for something of this sort would they exchange their fish or whatever else they had.

From this port and intended mission of San Diego in northern California, 3rd July, 1769, I kiss the hands of Your Reverence, and am your affectionate brother and servant.

Fr. Junípero Serra.

A story sometimes told is that the soldier members of his party turned out to be less worthy of reliance than one might have expected, and when the promised reinforcement did not arrive, they became weary and disheartened and ultimately demanded to be returned south. Fray Serra implored the leader for delay, with scant success, until things became rather critical. "One more day," was Father Serra's plea, and the day was reluctantly granted. It was all they were willing to give, and if no support should arrive after that day they would all go. In his great predicament Father Serra went to the crest of the hill back of the camp and prayed

THE CALIFORNIA STATE BUILDING

all through the afternoon, until the golden rays of the setting sun began to lose their splendor. In despair he cast one more forlorn glance out upon the sea, and sure enough there was a sight which caused his sorrow to vanish. The next minute he was rushing down the hill into camp, shouting and weeping with joy. Back up the hills the soldiers dashed, and when they too saw that Father Serra's wish had been fulfilled, there was no more talk of immediate return, and when the relief expedition came into port, it turned out to be a large body who had lost their way, mistaking the charts. Cruising up and down the coast, they had looked in vain for the harbor. Naturally Father Serra, as a truly religious man, pronounced it a miracle, and if it really happened that way, perhaps it was!

In this way the little settlement became permanent. The little Mission which he had built at the Presidio hill was abandoned and several miles up the valley was founded the Mission of San Diego de Alcalá — the first mission on California soil — on the sixteenth of July, 1769. This laid the foundation of that long chain of twenty-one missions which marks the progress of the northward march of the Christian civilization of the Franciscan padres. About every forty or fifty miles the missions grew up, to offer the weary wanderer a resting place after a full day's journey.

The entire character of the Exposition, architecturally speaking, is so intimately connected with the Missions of Mexico and California that even the barest outline of the growth and progress of these peculiar centers of civilization is

of much assistance in doing justice to the romantic character of the San Diego Fair.

The San Diego Mission was not allowed to enjoy an uninterrupted peaceful existence because on a November night in 1775 a large and bloodthirsty band of interior Indians, about a thousand strong, attacked the Mission and set fire to the chapel and other buildings. During the attack Father Luis Jayme, a Franciscan, and a number of others were killed. While the buildings were burning Father Jayme, according to historical reports, is said to have walked right out to the wildest group of savages, extending his usual greeting, "Children, love God!" The Indians allowed him to come within a few feet, and then riddled his body with arrows. They threw his body into a little olive orchard, which is still standing and bearing fruit. Within it today is a low wooden fence with a plain cross where sleeps the first Christian martyr of California. Down the valley stands the last of the palm trees which Serra set out, apparently good for many years to come. Almost in its shade sleep the Spanish soldiers who succumbed to the long wait for the relief party.

When Father Serra returned from a northern journey, instead of being discouraged he set out with accustomed zeal rebuilding the Mission and then went on again to the north, founding more missions along El Camino Real, the King's Highway. He never returned.

There is a great wealth of romance in history of that sort and when one studies the history of southern California, one finds that many fine traditions, the love of beauty, too, are a part of

THE OUTER WALLS FROM THE PALM CAÑON

the old Spanish civilization. It was apparently the realization of that beauty, almost forgotten, which impelled the San Diego Exposition to revive in its architectural scheme not the conventional forms of classic traditional art so universally used at expositions, but the type peculiarly belonging to California and reaching back to the glorious period of its inception.

Before allowing oneself the pleasure of historical analysis of the Spanish-Mexican style, a few more excursions into the field of the activities of the Spanish missionaries may be allowed, since a proper understanding of their own atmosphere is so helpful in contemplating the beauty of the general character of the Exposition. It should be remembered that Father Serra's indomitable will power not only led to the establishment of the first Mission in California, but also laid the foundation for a general Christian civilization on the whole Pacific Coast. It was he who snatched from the darkness and ignorance of heathendom an entire savage race, lifting it into the light and intelligence of the civilization of Christianity. The story is all the more wonderful because of the fact that the Indians of California, when found by the Franciscans in the year 1769, were really very degraded physical beings, and mentally apathetic human creatures. A more hopeless task was never attempted by the agencies of religion and civilization, yet the results were astounding when one bears in mind the difference of language which had to be overcome — a different dialect in almost every village. Most of these Indians had never learned to clothe themselves.

Their physical and moral habits were filthy, and they were saved from annihilation only by the kindness of the climate in which they lived. From this pathetic material the Franciscan monks made semi-civilized men and women. They taught them to sing, to play upon musical instruments, to carve in wood and paint pictures. The most important result of this relatively short period of instruction was the making of the Indian into an agriculturalist of more settled habits.

These diversified activities were the purely secondary gifts of these brown-robed Franciscans, who were first of all the able agents of the Spanish crown, assisting in political plans of territorial expansion, and who were looked upon by the government in the many other things they did along the line of domestic arts and sciences as means to the end. The earliest days of the Franciscan Fathers in California were the great days of the Catholic church in Europe, and whatever was done for the colonial expansion of the Spanish possessions was done also in the name of the Church. The spread of political influence was, however, the moving force, and to convert the heathen, like everything else, must be looked upon as incidental. Nevertheless the activities of the soldiers, colonists, and padres in the early days constitute the historical background of the west coast of this great continent and form also the exclusive basis and romantic foundation of the San Diego Exposition.

The entire display reflects the Spanish Colonial style, of which the Missions of Fray Juní-

THE PUENTE CABRILLO FROM BELOW

pero Serra were one type. The San Diego Exposition, open all the year around, thanks to a climate that is practically unchanging, has a great amount of the practical, but it is rich in romance and historical association.

THE GENEALOGY OF THE ARCHITECTURE

THE architectural style of the San Diego Exposition is generally referred to as either the Mission Style or the Spanish-Mexican. To most people the meaning of that so-called "Mission Style" is very vague, and I do not believe that much systematic education of our people has ever been attempted to set right in their minds the true meaning of this much abused term. To a great many it is an original product of California, absolutely detached from any style of the past — to others a recent production of the Stickley Brothers furniture plant. On closer investigation it presents, however, such fascinating genealogy that I am tempted to lose myself in it for a while, because I believe it will very materially assist in an æsthetic appreciation of the Exposition ensemble, and also lead back into the realms of the Spanish-Mexican style, of which it is an offshoot.

It is not fair, in my estimation, to use the word "style" in connection with the architectural efforts of the Spanish padres, since their work was not the evolution of an original architectural expression. First of all, these men were no architects, nor even men of special artistic perception, their efforts in building being directed solely towards the erection of a shelter. These structures were of profound simplicity in them-

OVER THE PUENTE CABRILLO TOWARDS THE EXPOSITION

selves and curiously devoid of the heavy ornamentation of the parent style — the Spanish Colonial of Mexico, from which they were directly derived. This intimate connection with a gorgeously decorative style may seem impossible at first glance, since the most pronounced characteristic of the Spanish Colonial style is a luxurious ornateness, suggesting at times great splendor, while the frugality of the Mission style revives memories of the very earliest architectural efforts of prehistoric times in its restriction to simple constructive forms and absolute lack of ornamentation. But this apparent inconsistency can be explained only by the fact that these monks were no architects and that all they could do was to produce a very feeble picture of the glory of the Spanish Colonial style, with its rich background, of which we shall hear more. These Missions are but a very naïve attempt, at best unpretentious and unaffected. But it is this naïveté — the lack of knowledge of the truly artistic features of the parent style — which is their saving grace.

The day will come, and I hope it is not too far off, when we out here shall use money liberally to restore to their old naïve dignity these memorials of one of the most romantic periods in the history of California, if not of America. I hope that the day of the California Mission Restoration Committee, free from politics, with sufficient money, and composed of the best architectural talent in the land, may not be postponed too long to rebuild more solidly than ever these twenty-one centers of Christian civilization. Situated, as they are, on salubrious

elevated places, often overlooking the fertile valleys leading into the back country, they would become increasingly attractive and a source of great wealth to the State. To travel up and down the state and observe the spasmodic attempts at often incorrect restoration is only a mixed joy, and nothing less than a well-organized attempt will ever insure the rebuilding of these quaint and picturesque landmarks.

It would be so easy, technically speaking, with our modern improved methods of concrete construction, to set up again the crumbling adobe walls with reasonable guarantee of their permanency. The money spent in the two California expositions would have gone a long way in the realization of this project. No complicated mosaics of problematical meaning nor intricate glass windows need be revived, because these buildings were singularly devoid of the detail which makes Old World styles so difficult of restoration. This simplicity was probably not intentional, but rather the result of enforced artistic economy, for lack of skilled artisans and artists. However, here and there an altar piece tells of vague recollections of the boldness of the gorgeous Spanish Baroque decoration which the artist carried into Mexico and which we see so notably interpreted in the Serra chapel of the California Building.

The Mission style is a simple, purely constructive expression of the ornate glories of the Spanish colonial, but as far from the sumptuousness of the original as a wooden toy horse is from a real live animal. The barest constructive features have been preserved, and the rest

THE ENTRANCE TO THE CALIFORNIA QUADRANGLE

had to be omitted, by force of circumstances. Even constructively, the height of the great towers of the Mexican churches is nowhere visible in any of the Missions, because to build high is possible only when engineering advice is available, and engineers the padres were not. Most of their towers did not survive the spasmodic earthquakes of California.

Reaching backward to the great edifices of the Spanish-Mexican period, one is astonished at the wealth of variety of architectural influence which manifests itself in these buildings. Imaginative in form, full of the most wonderful detail, they revive in our minds the glories of many great periods of the past. All the many influences which were active at one time in Spain and which stamped the indelible marks of their art on that country are suggested — particularly the Moorish-Arabic strain, which left so many picturesque landmarks in Spain. Back of these Mexican buildings is almost the entire history of architecture, owing to very peculiar conditions which prevailed in Europe at the time of their production. Baroque, that florid and sometimes degenerate expression of the revival of the classic Greek and Roman architecture, was at its height in Europe during the great days of the Spanish world empire, and in the search for the decorative material in which it abounds it made use, particularly in Spain, of all the many decorative features which it could draw upon in Europe as well as in the Orient. The Byzantine influence, simplified in the great St. Sophia of Constantinople, is often manifest. Built under the European Justinian,

during the sixth century, originally as a place of Christian worship, this great Byzantine temple, still one of the chief wonders of the world, has served to inspire many of the Spanish-Mexican builders. Its really simple form of construction, consisting of a great central dome resting on four mighty arches, has found its way into the fundamental form of the California State Building. Even that peculiar indefinable creation, St. Mark's in Venice, has left its impression upon the architecture of Mexico.

Overrun by the Moors in the eighth century, Spain suffered the introduction of an Oriental note in its European architecture which gave it a character unique among the nations of Europe. So firm was the hold of these invading Moors that they long controlled the artistic civilization of Spain. Establishing capitals or seats of government at convenient places, their most formidable creation was the fortified palace at Granada. Eventually, in 1492, by the capture of this stronghold the Spanish regained possession of their land, destroying Moorish rule but not Moorish art. The praying towers the Moors built with their mosques were the chief charm of their imaginative architecture, and the Giralda at Seville is recognized as one of the great towers of the continent. Many towers were built in Spain and Mexico, finally culminating for us in San Diego in that successful emphasis of the Exposition in the tower of the California Building. The colored tile so typical of the Spanish colonial is traceable to the Moors, who were fond of the liberal use of this highly decorative material. Another typical note of

THE FAÇADE OF THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING

Arabic work was their great simple expanses of plain wall surfaces, broken only here and there, as need demanded, but always most picturesquely emphasized by windows, great and small. The mosques in Algiers show these characteristics very plainly. There is no end to Moorish influence. Attention should be called to the fine carved doors of the California Building. The Moors were very skillful in this handicraft, and the character of their work has been given to this interesting door. Again, the clever use of water in picturesque bits in connection with their architecture was another charming asset. The pool in front of the Botanical Building carries out this unusual detail, as we shall later see, with striking results.

At the time of the conquest of the Moors, at the end of the fifteenth century, the Renaissance had blossomed into full bloom in Italy and its influence was being felt throughout Europe. The Gothic influence, never very strong in the south of Europe, found an expression in Spain in that luxurious style called the Flamboyant. The Gateway at Valladolid is a good example of it. It was only too natural that when the Spanish revived building operations in New Spain, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, their work should follow the newly felt Renaissance, retaining, however, much of the Moorish and Gothic. This combination, beautiful in the extreme, has been called the "Plateresque," that is, the Silversmith's, on account of its lacy qualities. It prevailed until the accession of Philip the Second, in the middle of the sixteenth century, and cropped out occasionally after-

wards. One of the most beautiful buildings in this delicately membered style is the Hospital of Santa Cruz at Toledo — a rare balancing of proportion and graceful detail. This we see recalled in the Foreign Arts Building. At this time magnificent churches were being built in Mexico, very much in keeping with the Plateresque. In a measure the tower of the California Cathedral recalls somewhat the fine towers of the Cathedral at Morelia, Mexico, built in this style. Another striking example of the early Spanish Renaissance we meet with in the window of the Prado Façade of the Science and Education Building. The detail of the windows is taken, though somewhat changed, from the tower of the cathedral at Murcia, and it shows how much simpler the Renaissance became as it developed in Spain.

The corner tower of the Home Economy Building comes a little later in the sequence of the Spanish Renaissance. It was adapted from the Tower of the Casa de Monterey at Salamanca, Spain. This building may be called a good example of the middle period of the Spanish Renaissance, celebrated for the activities in Spain of the architect Churriguera, who introduced a personal note into the style which has become recognized as the Churrigueresque. It is analogous to the Baroque in France and Italy. If analyzed closely from an architectural point of view, it often seems bad and degenerate, like other Baroque, but one cannot deny its force and sometimes great beauty of form and proportion. The Churrigueresque prevailed during the great building periods in Mexico during the

ALONG THE PRADO

seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It was often combined with Moorish and native Mexican details, assuming a most unique character. The Sanctuary, a part of the Cathedral in the City of Mexico, is generally considered the leading example. Turning to the Exposition we have a tame form of this style in the north frontispiece of the Indian Arts Building, on the Prado. Another more elaborate example may be seen in the frontispiece of the Science and Education Building, on the Plaza de Panama. The south front of the Varied Industries Building, typical of the style in its most ornamented form, recalls the patio of St. Augustine at Querétaro, Mexico, built in the middle of the eighteenth century, one of the latest examples and one of the most ornate and undisciplined. Again we recognize the ornate chapel façade on the adjoining building — the Food Products — as another of the many reflections of this style, remarkable for its variety, boldness, and disregard for conservatism.

It would be interesting merely to outline, even, the influence of the Franciscan order upon the architecture of Italy, Spain, and Mexico, and finally upon the American Southwest. Space will not permit this pleasure, and it will be sufficient to say that the influence of these quiet preachers was toward simplicity and stability. In Mexico one of the most important examples of what might be called the Franciscan style is the Sanctuario de Guadalajara, a building which strongly influenced the Franciscan Missions in California. The simple east front of the Indian Arts Building is in the same style, even to the

dissimilar treatment of the bell-tower. The tower at the west side of this building belongs to the same period. Growing out of this style, then, we have the California Missions, with which most Californians are familiar.

Bearing in mind all this rich store of historical reminiscence, one must claim for the San Diego Exposition that it is unlike any that preceded it — a claim which becomes justified when one considers that it marks a new departure in the planning of fairs. All past Expositions, like those held in Chicago in 1893, recreated a type which had been used universally and which goes back to the first successful great Exposition, that of 1889 at Paris. The plan of this Paris Exposition consisted largely of a symmetrical and monumental arrangement of buildings. However, the Chicago fair gave American architects a new impetus by showing the effects of long rows of orderly colonnades, of large open spaces, and in general by a demonstration of the monumental that was quite new in this country. The general scheme at Chicago developed a succession of similarly planned fairs, of which the Pan-American at Buffalo and that at St. Louis were the most characteristic. All of these Expositions were reminiscent of the prize problems of the Beaux Arts School at Paris, and one cannot help coming to the conclusion that there was much of the paper design, of T-square and triangle character, about these buildings, in comparison with such uniquely shaped aggregates as at San Diego. The influence of these great past Expositions becomes immediately evident in the grouping of our public buildings

WINDOW DETAIL OF THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING

in and around a central public square. They laid the foundation for our first attempts in municipal city planning, as expressed by the Civic Center. The note of intimacy, the proper relation to the immediate surroundings, is not always in evidence in these monumental arrangements, and a comparison with the city picture of the San Diego Exposition will disclose the more intimate side of city planning, the byways with their fountains, the glimpses of secluded gardens through the arches of colonnades. The Chicago, St. Louis, and Buffalo Expositions were a glorification of the monumental in city planning, while at San Diego is the apotheosis of all those elements of charm and variety that we associate with the cities of Spain and Italy. Here is the varied symmetry of the Latin cities, in the glorification of the romantic in city planning.

Architecturally the style of our fairs in the past had no native significance. Our own American architectural inheritance had not heretofore yielded anything when expositions were built. The Colonial style is too much devoid of the monumental, and besides, its quiet soberness does not contain that festive element one looks for on occasions of rejoicing. So we had to turn to strictly European sources, and that meant often to French books. When the Panama-California Exposition was first under consideration, it was only too natural that popular feeling should have suggested the Missions of California. But the opinion of the Advising Architect suggested that, in spite of its undeniable charms, this style was entirely

too limited in its decorative resources. The Spanish-Colonial style of Mexico, of which our Missions are an outgrowth, was then decided upon, not only because of its historical significance in California, but because it is most suited to the climate, and also has all the gaiety and color so essential to the success of a fair. This question of appropriateness in the choice of an architectural style for an exposition has seldom been taken into account before, either in our own country or in Europe. There have been some incidental exceptions at some of our modern Italian expositions, but nowhere has a historical style been so consistently maintained as at San Diego by the use of the Spanish-Mexican style of architecture — the most glorious temperamental architectural expression to be found on the American continent.

THE BUILDINGS

An investigation of the artistic features of the Exposition will naturally begin with the great bridge — the Puente Cabrillo. However, before indulging in any enjoyment of this structure, one naturally at this point becomes interested in the plan of the Exposition, anticipating the opportunity of seeing the entire layout later on from the bold perspective of the tower. Expositions in recent years have become so readily the experimenting media of the imaginative city planner, that here in San Diego one has the feeling of a successfully attempted demonstration of a well-planned city. It is this feature which has given modern expositions a value which they did not possess in the old days and which sometimes atones in a measure for the lack of permanent features most expositions unfortunately show.

The arrangement at San Diego is not symmetrical, owing to the undulating nature of the country on which the fair is built, a site which offers certain physical points of emphasis. So we find that beginning with a straight east-west axis, in which the great Cabrillo Bridge participates, we have about in the middle a traversing minor axis of different lateral length on either side. It is very interesting, and almost necessary to one's orientation, to fix that plan in one's

mind. The general character of the ensemble is so compact and well defined that a digest of the Exposition plan does not offer half the usual difficulties. The Exposition has two entrances, east and west. Originally the east entrance was intended to be the main entrance, owing to its superior transportation facilities, connecting it directly with the city over a very interesting tree-lined route. But now this main entrance, curiously enough, has become the main exit, and the great Cabrillo Bridge, over the cañon by the same name, has become the well-established principal entrance of the Exposition. The reasons for this change are purely æsthetic, since nobody cares to be introduced into the circle of a charming family by way of the kitchen and utility end of the house. On the east are all the utility features — Fire House, Hospital, Restaurant — while on the west an ideal and unobstructed approach invites a generous and comprehensive view of the great Spanish walled city on the hills. It shows how æsthetic reasons will sometimes conquer practical ones, even in a country universally defamed as a land of sober realists.

The sumptuous proportions, the proud dignity of the bridge, encourage great expectations, and one is not disappointed. While admiration is aroused for the engineering skill which made this bridge possible, the thought persists that the real architect of this colossal concrete viaduct was a much higher power than the official engineer. The one who raised the mountains, who dictates the course of streams, and who governs the cosmic all — he it was who separated the

NIGHTSHADE GROWING ON THE ARCADE

two ridges which are connected by this typica piece of American concrete engineering. Its most impressive feature, after all, is its size, since neither engineer nor architect nor even decorative designer ever endowed this bridge with anything but its mere constructive charm. This ought to be entirely enough, and any æsthetic appeal made by mere constructive form is far more lasting and impressive than the superimposed beauty of architectural ornamentation. However, in the case of the Puente Cabrillo it does not seem quite enough, particularly after retracing one's steps from the ornateness of the Exposition proper to which the bridge leads. I feel the engineer should have yielded his work to the architectural designer, who might have enlivened the somewhat cold and untemperamental viaduct in more than one way without disturbing its big feeling. From below the top seems unfinished — no evidence of a railing or perforation of the edge by means of a balustrade, nothing to indicate the scale of the many human beings who traverse daily this seven-arched span. I am glad for the seven arches. Nothing is more disturbing than the definiteness of even numbers as compared with the suggestion of indefiniteness which comes with uneven numbers. Seven looks like more than just one more than six, and in the higher uneven numbers this is even more indicated. This may have something to do with the fact that things in even numbers we count in pairs, but the seven arches of the Puente Cabrillo we count one by one. How one span might have looked is worth thinking about. It would have

been even more impressive as an engineering feature and besides have given less the feeling, particularly from a distance, that the bridge might be a dam. It is an interesting feature of this bridge that it encourages one to mental speculation as to what might be the result if this, that, or the other thing might be done with it. From below I longed for a few hundred feet of open balustrade to interrupt the almost monotonous straight edge of the top, which, if I had not known its purpose, I would have taken for an aqueduct. While I respect constructive charm above everything else, a trace of ornament, even of color, would have gone a long way towards tying bridge and exposition proper together. It is a little naked, and only the warm sun of San Diego will save it from monotony with the fine play of strong cast shadows within its arches.

The slow approach over the bridge, owing to its great length of one thousand feet, is helpful in getting one's mind adjusted to the peculiar charm of the first great group of buildings one meets. One enjoys also the plain buttressed wall, rising from the slopes of the hills. The effect is that of a fortified mediæval town. However, the gateway to the inner parts is not guarded by huge iron doors and halberdiers, and one saunters along unchallenged into the Quadrangle. Here a few remarks should be made about the main gate, with its typical architecture. The crest of San Diego in the middle and the spandrel figures give it more than usual interest. The treatment of this main entrance is most interesting, with its passageway travers-

EAST BALCONY IN THE REFECTORY OF THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING

ing the arch, and the charming note of the window. The administration building, like a guardhouse, is to the left, in front of the gate. Set in a mass of trees and shrubs, with ornate emphasis upon the doorway, it has the plain character of the typical Spanish-Moorish residence. The windows, in contrast to the doorway, seem just as if cut out with a knife. The main door is enlivened by well-scaled ornamentation, full of variety of scrolls, arabesques, and dolphins. But one does not want to linger outside — the great dome and tower are too strong in one's mind, since in the approach one continually enjoyed a full view of it, and one feels its near presence with overwhelming force.

Passing through the main gate and under the brown beams of the traversing corridor, one stands captivated by the great beauty of the California Building. When I saw it first I did not care to know of its purpose. I was spellbound by the historical atmosphere it immediately created, and by the feeling that here was something immensely successful in every way. I felt the excellence of the structure, which was so well suggested from a distance by reason of its wonderful outline, and which is well sustained even in the smallest structural detail. One feels that technical excellence could not very well be carried much further, and after a study of the remainder of the Exposition, one cannot help feeling that this great cathedral is the pièce de résistance of the Exposition. It is immensely gratifying to come to that conclusion, for two reasons. First, it is the most conspicuous unit of the Exposition from any point of view, and

if the first impression counts for anything, the effect of the California Building upon the visitor in his further wanderings will be helpful. Moreover, the Cathedral and the Tower, in fact the entire group of buildings forming what is called the California Quadrangle, are of permanent material, built of concrete over steel frames. It is thoroughly pleasing to feel that here is a most successful historical monument, destined by reason of its enduring worth and material to inspire generations to come. It seems like blasphemy to call it anything but a cathedral, because its character is purely ecclesiastical and devoid of any suggestion of worldly use, even if one knows that a very remarkable display of archæological specimens, dealing with the architecture of South and Central America, will give way temporarily this year to the alluring charms of an exhibition of French industrial and artistic accomplishments. How a display of Poiret gowns and bottled perfumes will adjust themselves inside I do not know, and I care less — a cathedral it is to me, full of romantic historical notes.

The most conspicuous feature of the whole building, after one has absorbed the gay beauty of the tiled dome and the rhythmic charm of that tapering tower, is the decorative emphasis of the doorway. It is an amazing piece of architectural modelling, convincing one at once of the profound knowledge of the creator of this monument, Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue. Mr. Goodhue had a blessed day when he designed that doorway, and another good day it was when he selected the Piccirillis to model the ornamental

and figural detail. The immediate impression one has is of picturesqueness and impressiveness alike. While one has the feeling that there is much to study on dome as well as on tower, one is spellbound by the luxurious richness of the ornamentation of the frontispiece, which has a most unusual quality of superb technical execution, so rarely found in this country. The period ornamentation so often met with in reproduction in this country is generally unenjoyable on account of its poor quality of workmanship; it is apparently done with little understanding of the origin of the ornament motives or their function. This is particularly so in the case of the purely decorative styles, like Rococo or Baroque, where looseness often becomes undisciplined and coarse and devoid of all regard for the underlying constructive forms. It was sometimes that way in Europe during the decadence of these styles, but here in America it has been entirely too common whenever a revival of a historic style has been attempted.

The decorative emphasis of the main entrance of the California Building is a marvel of workmanship and one rejoices over and over at the knowledge of the permanence of so fine and historical a document — one of the very finest in the far west. It is without doubt the finest single piece of architectural modelling on the ground. Full of characteristic detail, it becomes particularly interesting by reason of the sentimental interest which attaches to the many figures and busts which have been introduced into its rich mass of mouldings, ornament, and scrolls. There is Padre Junípero Serra, occupy-

ing the place of honor at the top; at each side below him are two explorers, Don Sebastián Viszcaíno to the left and Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo to the right; with the busts of their patrons, Philip III and the Emperor Charles V of Spain, above. Below Cabrillo is the first Governor of Southern California, and below Viszcaíno is George Vancouver, the English navigator — the first non-Spanish explorer to visit San Diego Bay. In the lowest niches, occupying naturally the humble position appropriate to their religious profession, are the statues of Padre Antonio de la Ascensión, the Carmelite and historian who accompanied Vizcaíno, and Padre Luis Jayme, the Franciscan and follower of Serra, the martyr of the mission, who suffered death at the hands of the Indians at the destruction of the San Diego Mission. All of these figures are modelled with fine regard for their relation to the surrounding ornament, and their flowing capes and draperies echo the animated character of the ornament.

The fine oaken door opening into the church has all the character of the richly ornate frontispiece. Over the doorway are the arms of the State of California and elsewhere are those of Spain, Mexico and the United States. However, a group of candelabra directly in front, at the head of the steps, has all the distressing awkwardness of most examples of the first evidence of municipal art in small country communities, the Main-street electrolier. I hope that they are not permanent, and easily removed. They are superfluous in the otherwise well-lighted quadrangle, and entirely out of

GLIMPSE OF THE MONTEZUMA GARDEN — THE TOWER OF THE INDIAN ARTS BUILDING IN THE DISTANCE

of the Exposition. It is highly interesting to bring the tower into visual relation with the many other buildings of related style on a walk through the Exposition grounds. The tower is always a source of pleasure, either from without or as a vantage-point to get a view of a remarkable topographical spectacle which presents itself to the eye from the four balconies of its uppermost stories. It is one of the lasting impressions one carries away.

Towards the south one is, in order to get one's bearings, unconsciously attracted towards the city of San Diego, feeling its way cautiously along the vast expanse of the San Diego Bay. It has the typical expression of a spontaneously grown city, with the characteristic emphasis put upon the center by a number of tall buildings, surrounded by the tapering array of minor dwellings, ultimately losing themselves in open spaces. There is a peculiarly different note about San Diego, with its freedom from excessive industrial activity. It is as if the city had been chosen with regard for the most manifold topographical variation to be found, all within a close range. The bay, a well-protected laguna, offers such a well-sheltered haven of refuge that one has difficulty in discovering its union with the blue waters of the Pacific, directly under the protecting bluffs of Point Loma, towards the southwest. Point Loma reaches out like a strong arm into the open sea to shield the city from the nagging of the prevailing summer winds. Opposite San Diego on the small, protective tongue of land which, together with the mainland forms the harbor, the quaint architectural features of

WEST BALCONY IN THE REFECTORY OF THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING

Coronado loom up, emphasizing the center of another small community. One recalls the pleasant warmth of its gentle waves, lapping at the apparently interminable sand link, so poetically called the Silver Thread. It is a most beautiful thread, a gently curving line of wonderful rhythmic grace. No violent action of the ocean formed that line. It has all the quality of slow and careful growth such as could have been possible only under a clime free from the stronger contrast of nature's activities. The placid waters of the Pacific are not allowed to continue uninterruptedly towards the horizon. Away out in Mexican waters that boldly shaped row of islands, the Coronado group, furnishes a picture of great fascination. Corpus Christi Island, towards the right, makes a particular appeal, resting by itself in the suggestive outlines of the outstretched form of the Saviour. One's gaze continues westward, passing over North Island in the foreground, again over Point Loma, often bathed in a cool haze sliding in from the ocean. The tiny form of the old Spanish lighthouse is barely perceptible under the shifting cover of the sea mists. Further on towards the west and up the coast, glimpses of the ocean are afforded, until turning completely towards the west one has the beginning of that gradual change from the more rugged coast towards the fertile lands which embrace San Diego on three sides.

From the north balcony of the tower, the typical, often much abused California picture actually presents itself in all the charm of its many contrasting elements. In the foreground

plateaus and undulating lowlands, in their rich culture of orange and lemon grove, extend toward blue hills and the snow-capped mountains beyond. The contrast of semi-tropical flora directly at our feet, the horticultural wealth of the immediate surroundings, together with the flourishing fields of the citrus grower against this range of mountains, is charming and romantic in many ways. Out here in California we have composed this picture so often on paper for the benefit of the easterner, even when it necessitated a wild leap of the imagination to accomplish the imagery. But here from the lofty height of San Diego's great cathedral tower on a clear January day, it is a reality and a sight not to be forgotten. There is a peculiar irregularity in the contour of these mountains. They have not the uniform round shape of the northern mountains and hills, and they look as if they were getting ready to lose their identity, approaching the Mexican border on the east. Looking east, the lands lessen into terrace forms, ultimately showing a typical Mexican mesa, as flat as a table. There is no suggestion in this monotonous picture to remind one of the turbulency of our southern neighbors, unless it is the faint suggestion of that hybrid town of Tia Juana, where Aunt Jane in her old days is leading a dissolute life under the protection, or rather the blind tolerance, of a lax and generous government. There is much variety in this panoramic picture, and casting quick glances to all sides one has the feeling that here is a corner of the earth where every topographical unit known to the physical geographer exists, with the exception

PATIO WITHIN THE SCIENCE AND EDUCATION BUILDING

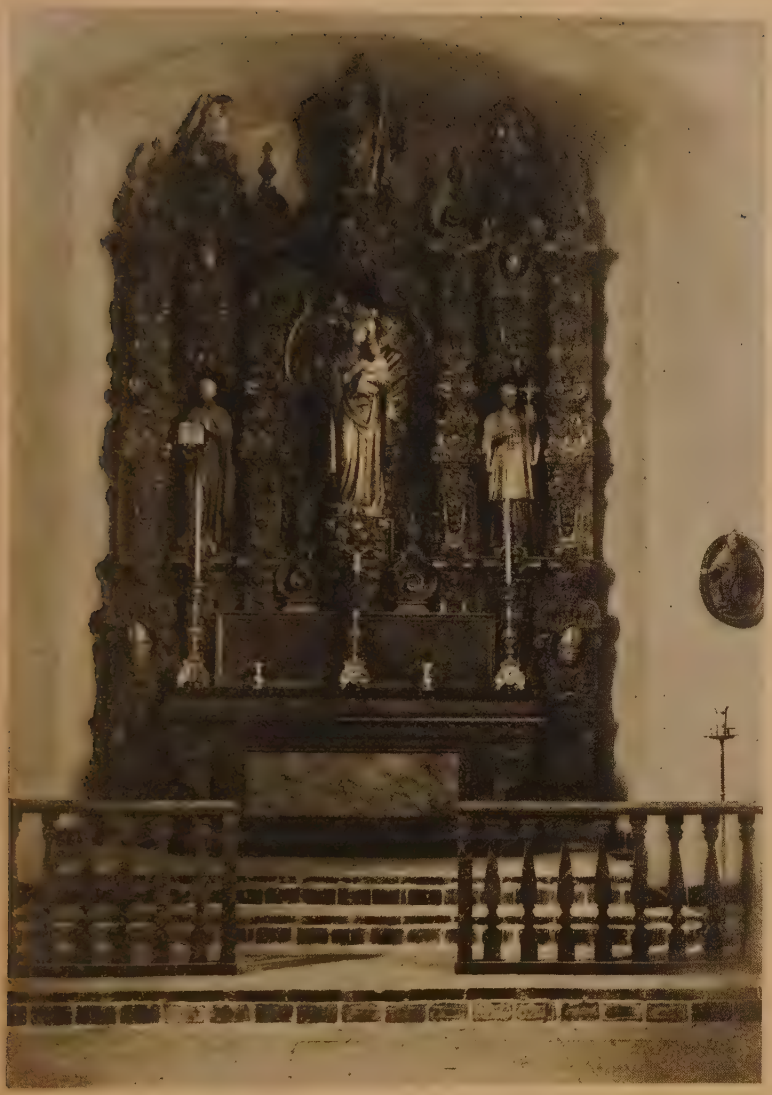
of inland lakes. Open seas, rockbound coast, sandy beaches, sheltered lagunas, marshy lands, make a picture of great variety towards the sea; while inland the country within a comparatively short space rises from tilled and fertile lowlands and oak-grown pastures into higher mountains, with their snow covering in winter time. It is a picture which contributes much toward the uniqueness of the San Diego Exposition.

One leaves that tower with great regret, only to become enchanted immediately on arriving below, by the romance of the inviting cool arcades which enclose the open court, the Plaza de California. Opposite the gorgeous façade, under the restful shadows of the roughly shaped ceiling, the true spirit of the California Mission is in evidence. In fact the three sides of the square court adjoining the cathedral have more decidedly the character of the simple buildings of the Padres than of the accomplished and skilled creation of the Spanish-Mexican church architect. Sitting down to rest on one of the benches under the arcade, one is struck by the genuineness of historical architectural expression in the typical construction of the roof. Built of roughly hewn cedar logs, covered only with widely spaced sheathing, the red tile covering of the outside is allowed to get into play for the effect on the inside as well. It is a very simple and imaginative method of construction, rustic and primitive, but constructively sound and reassuring as to the general permanent character of this group of buildings. Besides, this treatment of the ceiling is most decorative, and in accord with the floor, covered with large durable

square burned clay tiles, showing wide mortar bonds to overcome the uneven and interesting irregularity of their form. It is a very intimate picture and so full of historical connection that the appearance of a padre in his brown Franciscan robe would hardly cause surprise. The formal note of many clipped cypresses inside the court in front of the piers of the arcade adds to the picture that evidence of human care that one always welcomes in any architectural picture.

But many doors east and west cause one's curiosity to press on farther inside. The one on the east side in the south corridor is closed; the somewhat mystic darkness of the door on the west affords a picture of an interior. At first the low light of the entrance reveals little, but gradually a great staircase, a magnificent handwrought Renaissance lantern, and away up a very finely coffered ceiling become discernible. The lantern hanging down in this vestibule may be old or it may be a modern replica, but in its relation to the architecture of its immediate surroundings, it makes a superb effect. It naturally leads one up to the ceiling, which is equally successful in preserving a note of historical age, although of recent construction. This ceiling will too often be overlooked, but it is deserving of more than just a passing glance. A small open door on this lower floor, leading out on a closed balcony toward the south, reveals the intimate atmosphere of the interior of a small chapel.

On descending to the floor below and entering through a finely grilled door, one is inside a small chapel, with all the typical characteristics



THE ALTAR IN THE SERRA CHAPEL

of a true Mission interior. It is dedicated especially to the memory of Father Serra, whose name it bears. One is affected again by the truly religious sentiment which pervades this little chapel, so that one forgets all about the close proximity of everyday things such as the sometimes noisy joys of exposition visitors. It casts a spell which revives the memories of the days gone by — the days when San Diego was the extreme northern outpost of Spanish-Mexican civilization and not yet thought of as the most remote southwestern corner of a great modern civilization. There are few things in this chapel, but they all seem genuine and impressive. The great altar on the southwest, facing the entrance, is the most important feature of the dimly lighted hall. Here naturally religious sentiment and ceremony are focussed. It was in such spots that the fathers sometimes created out of the small store of their architectural knowledge these highly decorated altars of which this is a typical example. Done in enduring material, it is probably the only one of its type in California. Like the great frontispiece of the California Cathedral Building, the altar is full of sculptured figures of religious historical interest. The most prominent figure in the middle is that of Our Lady and Child, occupying the place of honor and importance. At the left stands, almost life-size, the sombre figure of St. Francis Xavier, patron of the Jesuits, introduced to commemorate the Missions in Arizona and their founders, and at the right is the statue of an unknown secular priest and saint, to commemorate the work of the church in general in California.

The two heads above are of Santa Isabel (St. Elizabeth) of Hungary, identified by the crown, and on the other side, Santa Clara of Assisi, founder of the second Order of Franciscans and friend of San Francisco. The two bishop's heads below are those of San Buenaventura, Bishop of Abano, and San Luis, Bishop of Tolosa (St. Louis of Toulouse), both Franciscans and patrons of California Missions. At the right of the altar hangs a bas relief of San Francisco, showing the stigmata, giving an additional note of historical religious interest which is further carried on on the west wall by an ancient wooden statue, of Spanish origin, of San Antonio of Padua.

This does not complete, however, the simple furnishings of this intimate chapel. There are hung about old musty paintings, in flyspecked frames, of religious subjects, an antique "Ecce Homo" unearthed in Old Mexico being one of the most typical. The old pulpit to the left indicates practical use, and so does a very fine ironwrought Bible stand, in front of the altar. The Bible reposing on it is old, very old, but on examination discloses itself as a German and not a Spanish book.

On our way out, facing the wall opposite the altar, the little gallery approached from an opening in the middle story becomes of interest again, not only for its quaint wooden construction but also for the inscription on its supporting main beam. It runs: *Scte Francisce. Pater Seraphice. Missionum Altæ Californiæ Patrone. Ora pro nobis;* or, SAINT FRANCIS, SERAPHIC FATHER, FATHER OF THE MISSIONS OF UPPER

THE COMMERCE AND INDUSTRIES BUILDING — THE LAGUNA IN THE FOREGROUND

California, Pray for Us. So it reads, and with this sentiment we enter the hall again and ascend the stairway to invade a long hall, somewhat like a refectory, given over to a display of a large collection of modern paintings.

The first feeling one has in entering this well-proportioned and well-lighted hall is of being rudely awakened from a pleasant dream. How did these pictures get into this atmosphere of historic sentiment? One is at first resentful at the daring intrusion of these ultra-moderns, so out of sympathy with their surroundings. Their disrespectful attitude towards the past has no connection whatever with the period character of the Exposition or the California Quadrangle in particular. Without investigating the raison d'être of this amazing collection of pictures, one must in all fairness admit their individual worth and interest, despite their antidotal effect in bringing one back to the modern world after a consistently maintained historical journey. As modern pictures pure and simple, they are endowed with all that quality of expressive actuality so dominant a note in present day art. There is Childe Hassam, with a capital decorative "Moonrise at Sunset." Very delicate in color and subtle in technical execution, it is one of the finest examples of Hassam's art we have had out here in the west for some time. Robert Henri has a lovely little girl portrait, and some of his recent western studies of Indians. Guy Pêne Du Bois, Carl Springhorn, and William Glackens all maintain modern tendencies in their work with individual freedom and sometimes great daring. Space does not permit any

more than merely to give the names of the others participating in this very remarkable little exhibition. There is George Luks, with some "Cuban Dancers;" Joseph Henry Sharp with a very literary subject, "The Stoic," and other Indian themes; Maurice Prendergast's very colorful "Landscape with Figures" and a very decorative frieze of "Playing Children;" Ernest Lawson with some candidly observed landscapes, and last but not least those two related spirits, John Sloan and George Bellows. Bellows' two great New York canvases are full of the vigor of his brush, intimately observed and simply and broadly rendered. Some day when age has spread the harmonizing tone of amber over these cool Bellows, they will rank as the great paintings of early twentieth century American art. After even a casual investigation one feels quite consoled over the sudden departure from historic sentiment to modern matter of fact painting and the subsequent necessity of taking up again the thread of older traditions.

It is in a way refreshing and stimulating to be momentarily interrupted thus, and moreover a visit to this gallery prepares one for the decidedly modern note which prevails in the upstairs quarters over the entire west side of the building. After some introspective moments in the Serra chapel and much historic retrospect, I was keyed up, having heard of the art gallery, to see a vast number of dignified pictures in hand-carved, gilded, or black frames, such as the few in the chapel. My heart longed for endless dark and unintelligible tabasco-sauce-colored paintings of Church dignitaries, Conquerors, and

THE FOOD PRODUCTS BUILDING

Saints, but I see now I was doomed to disappointment, owing to the insurmountable handicap of many years of conventional European influences based on a holy respect for the past. Besides, the modern note of the Women's Headquarters upstairs might have been too immediate in its very pronounced gaiety of color. These many connected rooms with their great number of windows have a most distinctive note, which in a large measure is due to a very daring but most successful color scheme of black and persimmon color. The effect, enhanced and enriched here and there in many added motives like ripe pumpkin or French marigold, is striking but not devoid of poise. These rooms, with their atmosphere of a most generous, sincere California hospitality, leave pleasant memories even in the mind of the casual tourist who in "doing" the Exposition hastily passed through in his search for other impressions. In the late afternoon the open balcony towards the west affords the pleasures of the spectacular California sunsets which are enacted over the bold forms of Point Loma. One would almost think that so great a variety of treatment of the interior would disrupt that feeling of unity, of oneness, that is so immensely helpful in preserving the desirable repose of an exposition building. But on reflection one welcomes that note of new life in the art gallery and upstairs as refreshing, stimulating, and invigorating. One leaves the building with a feeling of zest for further explorations, and on arriving again outside, out of the cool shadows of the arcades into the warmth of a California sun, the apparently endless straight

line of the Prado, the central avenue, has no terrors.

We have so far penetrated only into the sheltering quiet of the Plaza de California, the first but smallest square in the Exposition picture. On the east, continuing the axis laid down by the great bridge, the main avenue gently rises as the Prado between two stately buildings, Science and Education, and Indian Arts, towards the center of all Exposition activities, the great Plaza de Panama. Here everybody pauses again and sits down to rest, to adjust the mind to the new note of the traversing secondary axis running to the north from the California Building, straight against the sea, to be arrested by the outstretched arms of the Organ colonnade. That must suffice for the moment, since the Prado offers much more for investigation.

I always have the desire in studying an exposition to acquaint myself with the larger constructive features before sitting down to the less strenuous pleasures of investigating the smaller and minor units. The San Diego Exposition, in spite of its orderly arrangement, has nevertheless that irregular character so typical of all Latin cities, inciting one's curiosity to the breaking point, and tempting one on. Leaving the Plaza de Panama and proceeding eastward on the Prado one passes two buildings, one on each side, the Home Economy on the left and the Foreign Arts on the right, and one expects to see this scheme repeated farther on with another group, but discovers once more the introduction of another charming unit, based on a minor traversing axis and leading up towards the north

THE ARCADE OF THE SCIENCE AND EDUCATION BUILDING

into the Botanical Building. Here no paved open plaza has been attempted, but a peaceful poetic note of a placid laguna and its minor more intimate neighbor, the so-called lagunita, furnish the keynote. The entire neighborhood has been called the Botanical Garden. For the moment we shall leave it, to return to it later. After this glimpse into the side court, the Prado continues between another group, the Varied Industries on the left and the Commerce and Industries on the right. Arriving at the point beyond these buildings, one's attraction is decidedly carried towards the left, where the symmetrical arrangement of the Southern California Counties Building occupies a prominent place all by itself, standing away from the Prado by several hundred feet. Between this building and another, the Agricultural Building, closely adjoining the Varied Industries, runs the Calle Cristobal, which loses itself gradually among agricultural outdoor displays.

In this part of the Exposition we have also the San Diego successor of the old-time Midway or Pike — the Isthmus, the apparently inevitable feature of expositions. It is in this one feature that modern expositions have not as yet dared to emancipate themselves. It is here again the same old thing, the same tawdry tinsel, the same old peanut and popcorn pandemonium on Sundays. Occasionally one runs across something that makes a lasting impression, like the highly successful "Painted Desert." Set up in the most remote northerly end of the Exposition, it deserves much attention for its really artistic features. I imagine that to the European who

might be studying on a map of America the relatively short span between the Arizona habitat of the Indians of the Southwest and the city of San Diego, the thought of a reproduction at considerable cost of this most picturesque Indian dwelling might hardly occur. He might think it easier, having arrived at San Diego, to finish the relatively short distance to the real thing, here so wonderfully well reproduced. The skies of Arizona differ little from those here, and even toward the east the tablelands of the skyline furnish almost the identical physical conditions necessary for a faithful reproduction of this ethnological exhibit. With rude rocks brought in from Arizona and New Mexico, with desert cedar and cactus and piñon wood, with the help of the white man and the intimate knowledge of the red man himself, the true life of the Indian of the American Southwest has been represented. It is by no means an ordinary village. Skilfully and with fine regard for effect of genuineness, the habitations of the cliff dwellers and the "Logans" of the Navajos and the other nomadic tribes are here set up. Even the towering pueblos of the Zuñi and Hopi are in evidence. One gets a very real and lasting impression of a unique and old civilization of Indian life with which very few people are familiar. In the cool crevices of the rocks the Navajo women are at work weaving in crude colors their decorative rugs and blankets, while the children are carding and sorting the colored wool. On the roof of the adobe dwellings the pueblo Indians are shaping their pottery and hammering out their silver and copper ornaments. In the sacred

THE FOOD PRODUCTS BUILDING FROM THE BOTANICAL GARDEN — THE LAGUNITA IN THE FOREGROUND

keva sometimes the braves may be heard stamping furiously in their dances, such as their ancestors danced long before the coming of the white man. It is an atmosphere itself and free from any of the circus features which so often spoil the transplanted life of foreign usages and customs. After wandering down the apparently endless Isthmus, the "Painted Desert" comes as a great surprise, offering a genuine pleasure.

But so far it has only been a cursory examination, with a closer investigation of the two extreme points of interest, the California Quadrangle and the Indian Village — one representing the highest artistic expressions of the white man's civilization and the other the much older and still existing art of the real American. It will be necessary to begin again at the point where the Prado springs from the Plaza de California. Under the sombre shadows of the arcades which line the Prado on either side, we are tempted to forget our plan of investigating the outside of the buildings more closely, to yield to the enchanting pictures of the sheltered stairways leading into another realm of the Exposition — the Gardens. But that is reserved for another chapter.

The Science and Education Building suggests three styles—Mission, Spanish Renaissance, and Moorish—represented by the round plain arches of the arcade, the decorative windows of the upper story, and the glistening color note of the tiled turret, respectively.

It will be observed immediately on leaving the California Quadrangle that a somewhat

different spirit prevails now in the architecture. One's attention is first drawn to the differences in texture and color of the buildings outside the California Quadrangle. The cement finish in the permanent group has a darker tone, while a certain smooth and light plaster of Paris quality seems to be the controlling note of the temporary buildings. But it is not this alone. The architecture, while it has the same constructive dignity as the California Cathedral, has not the refined reserve that one so greatly admires in that building. This is particularly true of the ornamental detail. It will readily be seen that a decorative style of architectural ornamentation, such as the Baroque, can very easily become over-elaborate and loose, forgetting its true function of supporting the constructive forms of the buildings. While Mr. Goodhue was the guiding mind of the whole ensemble, it becomes very evident that other workers interpreted his ideas, not always in the spirit of the reserved style of the master. There is a great deal of variance in feeling and in scale in the many buildings. They are not all equally successful. The Science and Education Building shows good restraint and much thought. The window openings, with their gay touch of the marble column, are almost Romanesque. It is a building that is conspicuous for a certain respectful attitude toward its most dignified neighbor, the great Cathedral, which it adjoins. The same must be credited to the Indian Arts Building, opposite, on the north side of the Prado. Much smaller in ground area by reason of the great space it had to yield to the Montezuma garden, its

THE ORGAN ON THE PLAZA DE LOS ESTADOS

façade is really found on the Plaza de Panama. This is the most Mission-like creation of all the Exposition buildings — distinctly simple and almost primitive in style. Quite in keeping with this purpose and following the building traditions of the American Indians, the walls of this building are very plain, completely devoid of decoration except on the north doorway. The open belfries in this Mission building are typical, however, in their primitiveness.

Reaching the Plaza de Panama once more, the symmetrical form of the Sacramento Valley Building rises impressively. Most happily placed, it is fully deserving of its prominent situation. Among the many unsymmetrical and sometimes poorly balanced buildings, it comes as a great relief. Its massive dignity of almost strictly Renaissance plan calls for respect. Mr. Allen may well be proud of this building and of all the attentions which are bestowed upon it owing to its prominent location. It conveys the impression of a city palace or even a town hall. Here one has the feeling of having arrived at the center of social outdoor activities. In its general features it resembles the Palacio at Oaxaca in Mexico, a consideration which really adds as little to its organic effect in its present surroundings as it detracts from the really new note furnished by the sloped tile roof and the elaborately carved cornice. The seven graceful arches which constitute the principal feature of its façade are supported by pillars with half columns in front twined with sculptured grape vines, a design that is much in evidence at this Exposition.

The daring color effect of the building is produced not only by the contrast of the red roof against an imperturbable blue sky, but also by the blue curtains on the windows, brought forward and hanging over the iron railings. The large blue and yellow striped awning raised in front of the building, to shelter either band or dancers, furnishes the key to the whole color scheme of the Exposition. The color scheme is worthy of study, since it demonstrates in a very striking way what may really be accomplished with just a few daring notes of primary colors against the bright surface of buildings. We have heard so much about exposition color schemes of very elaborate scope that an effective use of just a few strong primary colors becomes really interesting in its simple contrasting features. There is no color at all on the buildings anywhere. They are all painted white, with a tinge of cream wherever they are temporary, and the great California Building has the soft, warm color of mature cement. And still color seems to run through everywhere, without occurring in great quantities. It is not a color scheme of mellow middle tones spread over large surfaces, but the piquant dash of bright blue and yellow or a daring moss green or again an orange which joyfully greets you from the many window openings of the buildings. Together with the similarly candid notes of the tile on the great domes and minor turrets of other buildings which are completely covered with them, this is all the color furnished by the hand of man. However, nature in its abundance has added other color schemes which we shall meet with

DECORATIVE FLOWER URNS ON THE PRADO

later. Sloping toward the sea, the paved surface of the Plaza de Panama continues into the greensward of the Esplanade, separated from it by a balustrade in order to preserve the full meaning of the great central space. On either side, west and east, are two pretentious buildings of similar Spanish Renaissance type. On the west is the smaller, the Kern and Tulare Counties Building, while on the east side stands the much larger San Joaquin Valley Building. The former is simple and unpretentious, though most attractive, while the latter has all the ornateness of the ever-present Churrigueresque style.

We have by this time arrived at the organ — that most impressive feature of the Exposition. Architecturally it is not very convincing. It is hard to understand the pygmy scale of the colonnades as contrasted with the great bulk of the central part, housing the mechanism of the organ. Of all the architecture of the Exposition it is to my mind the most uninteresting, most untemperamental creation. Compared with the many architectural pyrotechnics elsewhere on the grounds, it does not enter into the concert of over-joyous Baroque melodies. It sings all by itself in pseudo-classic strain without having any classic expression. However, the organ must be enjoyed for what it produces musically and for what you may see from its spacious colonnades. Absolutely unprotected, it stands on a rising hillside without fear of inclemency of the weather. From having sat there often, on one of the many comfortable benches on the Plaza de los Estados, at different times of the

year, I have come to the conclusion that there is no such thing, at least at San Diego. I do not know how often during the year the public has been deprived by bad weather of the delightful hour of Dr. Stewart's recital, but it certainly cannot have been very often. It is the most enjoyable hour of the day — it is an important feature which contributes toward the original note of this Exposition. There have been organs at all expositions, in fact some much bigger ones, for instance at St. Louis, but none have played for an entire exposition at one time. Everywhere over the entire plateau may be heard the monumental music of the Handel Largo or the sweet harmonies of some folk melodies. The organ gives tone to the Exposition and nobody is permitted not to enjoy it. It was daring to select the most exposed position for this musical outdoor phase of the Exposition, but it has proved a great success. It will, after the Exposition, for many years to come be the source of much enjoyment and education to all the people who will be privileged to visit this blessed spot.

There still remain to be visited the buildings east of the Plaza de Panama, along the Prado. Architecturally they all more or less forget themselves and indulge in a veritable carnival of Baroque ornamentation, such as the wildest periods of Europe seldom beheld. The influence of the noble Cathedral is waning, the mantle of restraint is thrown away, and riotous joy prevails. This is of course all in the style, but it shows the difference between the work done by a man whose hobby, so to speak, has been so individual a style as Spanish Baroque

THE TOWERS OF THE FOOD PRODUCTS BUILDING ON THE CALLE CRISTOBAL

as demonstrated in the California Building, and the work here done by men who had to live themselves quickly into a style which at best nobody can completely master in its most mannered way. It is the expression of the most decadent side of Baroque that jumps at us here from all corners. Overly heavy, dropsical mouldings conveying the idea of enormous physical weight, ornamental convulsions of all kinds, loud and spectacular in effect, are in evidence in more than one place. But we must not forget this is an Exposition and that this is not the part intended for posterity.

The Home Economy Building and the Foreign Arts Building on the east side of the Plaza de Panama extend also partly up the Prado. The chief feature of each is a tower. The Home Economy Building is the more successful one of the two, particularly on the west side. It has a delightful Spanish Moorish character, reminiscent, however faintly, of the Palace of Monterey at Salamanca. A wooden pergola over the arcade connects this building with the Sacramento Valley Building. The tower on the Foreign Arts Building, distinguished by the crowning ornamentation, in the shape of many small pinnacles, contrasts with the plain finish of the tower opposite on the north. The windows on the upper story of this building are particularly pleasing in their decorative treatment. Those on the north side are protected by iron grilles, as is the custom in Spain. Continuing on the right of the Prado, the Foreign Arts Building is connected by a very interesting colonnade of semicircular arches. It is covered with a tiled

roof adding that touch of Spanish atmosphere one always enjoys.

The Commerce and Industries Building and the Varied Industries opposite are the two largest buildings in the grounds and they are in a measure the most typical examples of the declining beauties of a marvelous style. It is in these two buildings, particularly in the Varied Industries, that one may speak of architectural pyrotechnics, with all the flamboyant effects of overdone ornamentation. The Commerce and Industries Building is not free from certain overnaturalistic tendencies, particularly in the large consoles designed as kneeling women. This may be due to a lack of skilled artisans experienced in the modelling of human forms, but whatever may be the cause, these realistic ladies do spoil the pleasure of enjoying the otherwise well-designed heavy cornice of the building. The color treatment in the cornice is unique among the buildings, but most effective.

Adjoining the Varied Industries on the north and stretching along the Calle Cristobal, the Food Products Building continues the scheme of things. It might easily be mistaken for part of the Varied Industries Building which it adjoins, but official designation decrees it a special building, though there is no reason visible for this division on the outside. Architecturally one will very quickly find it one of the really interesting buildings on the grounds. It has two very distinct artistic features — the architectural emphasis of the main entrance on the east side and the highly successful treatment of the part which adjoins the Botanical gardens.

THE FOUNTAIN IN THE BOTANICAL GARDEN

Each has its own distinctive beauty. The main entrance, with its two towers, is typical of a Spanish monastery in the Churrigueresque style, and the large scaled ornamentation around the door is much better Baroque than one generally meets with. Toward the west the apse and choir of the chapel extend from the great mass of the building, making one side of a most charming Spanish court. This part, to my mind, is one of the most successful details the Exposition has produced. There is a gentle restraint about it that can be the result only of thoughtful study and intimate understanding.

One more building, last but not least, invites external inspection, and that is the Southern Counties Building, once more disclosing in its style the influence of the Spanish Churrigueresque in its best phases. It is almost symmetrical in plan and at once dignified and conspicuous for its general decorative effect in the landscape. Its two tile-covered gay towers are its chief features, unless one considers the court over which these towers preside, with its restful atmosphere, worthy of that characterization. I prefer the Southern Counties Building to any single unit on the ground for its freedom from any affectation of style. It seems eminently successful, not least for its very excellent ground plan. The only emphases in the building are the towers, which perform their function well without any interference from ornament. Simple balconied window openings are the only distinctive note outside, with the exception of the great door and staircase on the west side, opposite the Food Products Building.

So far it has been necessary, in order to get a proper general view of the architecture of the ensemble, to remain out in the open, and the most intimate quality of the building colonnades has not come to be appreciated. But the day becomes longer, the shadows grow short, and one welcomes the secluded and subdued atmosphere of the arcades. They are as necessary here as in the hotter climes of Mexico and the thought of being able to traverse the entire Exposition under the cool roof of low-ceilinged arcades is reassuring to one's comfort. Interrupted only by the Plaza de Panama — and even there one could stay within the graceful arcades of the Sacramento Valley Building — they offer their cooling spaciousness to the visitor from one end to the other. They tie the whole architecture together, and once underneath one forgets the sometimes noisy ornamentation on the façade above. Their effect is one of great benefit to the unity of the Exposition picture. No matter what the type of building, whether simple Mission or belligerent Baroque, these long, apparently endless avenues, extend along all the buildings in rhythmic foreshortening into endless distances. They make one content with the generally more or less strenuous work of Exposition wanderings, and even if the exceptional should occur and the heavens send down their refreshing showers, they are again the haven of refuge, without limiting one to a single spot.

After some time spent in the intimacy of the arcades, one might be tempted to do justice to the many buildings representing the States of

THE PIGEONS ON THE PLAZA DE PANAMA

the Union. Starting on the Plaza in front of the organ, to the right the Via de los Estados leads to a number of buildings which in their way have tried to fit into the scheme of things, with much success when one considers the fact that they were designed by different men, in different parts of the continent, outside of the control of the Supervising Architect. The Washington State Building assumes a gaiety barely suggestive of its Mission origin. An original feature of the building, successfully managed, is the many window openings which penetrate the outer walls. A little further along on the left the Montana Building impresses by its very dignified façade. An air of the secludedness of the Mission, from which it too has the general outline, is evident in this building, which contrasts markedly with the loose note of its neighbor from Washington.

A little to the right, opposite, a most unusual structure arouses curiosity as regards its antecedents. It is simple in construction, almost to a point of naïveté. New Mexico could not have used a better, a more fitting type of building than this old Indian-made Mission. The old Franciscan Mission Church after which it was fashioned was built long before the days of the pioneer houses of worship in California. It still stands on an elevated position, the rock of Acoma. Church and fort, castle and dwelling alike, it was built for defense as well as for purposes of civilization. It has here in reproduction the same simplicity as our California Missions, for reasons which were the same in either country, lack of expert artisanship. Built

relatively low, its two towers emphasize the church building as distinguished from the adjoining buildings, which are used for displays of an archæological and commercial character. The church proper has the true atmosphere of a house of worship, and together with the Serra Chapel in the California Building, it contributes largely toward an atmosphere of religious sentiment. The chapel, with its weighty beam ceilings, the altar, and the typical benches — they all speak of the primitive character of the life of the pioneers of the Southwest, the Franciscan monks. As one swings around the drive of the States, the Utah Building, with its magnificent portal, commands attention. Built on the plan of a cross, its spaciousness becomes evident even from the outside. In general character it is very much like the Montana Building, but more open and less reminiscent of a Mission church. There are others, but this short survey must suffice when one of the most important features of the Exposition is still waiting for a share of praise that cannot be made too large. The garden aspect, the flower wealth, the entire atmosphere of a newly created paradise, can never be praised too highly. It is the making of the Exposition, the cause of its intimate feeling, its character of having been there in days gone by.

THE GARDEN ASPECTS

ONLY three years ago the paradise in which we find the Exposition embedded was nothing but a large tract of land devoid of anything that might be called vegetation. For longer than the memory of man this land had been untouched by water save by those precious few pluvial blessings which find their way into the southwest corner of the United States. It was no wonder that the soil became hard, and seared by the almost continual sun. In the cañons and on the mesa there grew nothing but the obstinate cactus, the fragrant sage and chaparral. The sly coyote found it an ideal haven of refuge from his depredations into the neighboring country. On one side of the mesa was a scattered grove of pepper trees, battling with outstretched arms for a sad existence, deprived of any encouragement in the way of water.

That was only three years ago, and today we have the surprising spectacle of the pinnacles of a romantic city of Spain rising amidst luxuriant verdure. From immediately about the buildings down to the depth of the cañons, the land is covered with a thick growth of semi-tropical foliage, with lofty trees, and generously spreading shrubs and bushes. A magic garden has taken the place of the desert. It seems

almost as if a wonder had been performed. Those who know the results of sun, soil, and water if brought together into action in other parts of California will marvel less, but to the non-Californian with a receptive mind, this Aladdin performance must be most interesting and instructive as well. Leaving out of consideration the older Balboa park, leading up to the Exposition, a view from the viaduct over the side of the parapet down into the winding cañon will disclose a very convincing sight of the horticultural wonders performed. Even on the bridge itself, the huge pots emphasizing the ends, with their monstrous century plants, arouse curiosity. With their flower stalks rising twenty feet into the air, they contradict the popular story of the centenary blossoming of these mythical flowers. I am told these were raised from young shoots in the nursery, and they are already paying the penalty of maturity, in less than a decade. But the bottom of the cañon, with its irregular shaped pond, has too strong an attraction to be outdone by the century plants. It is a wonderful pleasure to lean lazily over the safe parapet and listen to the monotonous melodies of the thousands of frogs leading a merry life in the pool. With its well-concealed borders, the pool has a wealth of aquatic vegetation which is rivalled only by the laguna and its sister, the lagunita in the Botanical Garden. Everywhere in the shallow waters the lotus is sending up its large round leaves, standing, as if they wanted to shade the water from the sun, on graceful stems above the surface. The water lily occupies other corners and bamboo reeds of

THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA COUNTIES BUILDING

many kinds spread all around the edge, offering shelter and seclusion to the clannish blackbird and the mournfully colored mudhen. Then there is the calla, that symbol of a warm clime, blooming almost all the year around. Pampas grass grows in enormous clumps, sending out its great feather dusters. While this most decorative plant will do well with ordinary irrigation, standing on the banks of the pool, resting in well-watered soil, it has grown in a remarkably luxuriant fashion. The papyrus is another of the aquatic plants we observe here under conditions which must be not less favorable than those on the fertile banks of the Nile. All around on the sloping sides of the cañon are many evidences of the results which man, working in sympathetic response to a most beneficent nature, has achieved where once was a desert. Near the bridge stands a grove of Italian and Monterey cypresses, the graceful outlines of the former accentuating the point where the bridge throws its first graceful arch in its efforts to reach across the cañon. All around are groups of acacias of different kinds, varying through many shades of darker greens of older trees into the lighter tints of the younger foliage. Then there is our adopted state tree, the eucalyptus, from the common blue gum to the finer red variety and the fig-leafed one with its blaze of brilliant red blossoms. The eucalyptus has become as ordinary as the sparrow, but of the finer varieties, like the ficifolia, one can never see too many. Then come the palms, some very tall ones of the Cocos variety, the thick-bodied symmetrical Canary Island date-palm, and

scores of others. Among all these there has been scattered a great variety of other trees, furnishing by successive blooming a very desirable note of color. Near the Main Gate are magnificent Fuchsias, the gay Canna, and the bright orange of the *Lantana* gleaming through everywhere.

But we have already lingered too long on the bridge, since the intimate beauty of many charming garden effects is waiting for us inside. Along the Prado, continuing the scheme from the outside of the Exposition buildings, rows of formally clipped Blackwood Acacias, standing in the thick green lawn, line the main avenue. In front of the colonnade a hedge of *Coprosma*, with its waxy green leaves, continues the effect toward the building. It covers densely the iron railing between the posts of the arcade and it is refreshing to the eye from within as well as from without. From behind its shadowy foliage all sorts of vines rise to climb gracefully and luxuriantly over the arches of the arcade into the roofs and from these over the adjoining building, away up where the eaves and domes begin and where the mission bells swing in their belfries. It is difficult to describe the colorful beauty of these vines, particularly of the *Bignonia*, of a vivid terra cotta yellow, contrasted with the crimson vermilion of a rare *Bougainvillea*. They all sweep over the walls in great streams of color which do not seem to be afraid to reach to the highest points. The fascination of these spectacular flowers is so great that one almost overlooks the many more intimate garden features which the careful visitor will discover everywhere.

IN THE PATIO OF THE SCIENCE AND EDUCATION BUILDING

Adjoining the California Building on the south side of the Prado a shaded stairway leads under an arch into the Montezuma Garden. Los Jardines de Montezuma is the pompous title of this retreat. There is, however, nothing pompous about this sheltered spot. It is most successful as a fine flower garden, embracing all the plants one finds in many climes in the well-kept garden. It is a typical Spanish formal garden, sheltered on all sides, a veritable retreat. On three sides buildings, including the Prado Colonnade, furnish the enclosing sheltering walls, while on the south a pergola almost invisible in the surrounding shrubbery divides it from the gently sloping park. As if the solid frames of the buildings were not enough, rows of *Eucalypti*, of *Pittosporum*, and *Blackwood Acacia* have been set all around, outdoing each other in setting a new record of annual growth. The *Pittosporum*, with their heavy orange-colored clusters of berries, are nowhere finer. The formal plan of the garden has been emphasized by a border of dwarf *Veronica*, enclosing many flower-beds of various shapes. The bulk of the bedding has been done by liberal use of our commonest garden friends, the red Geranium and the white Marguerite, which have responded here with their typical prolificness. Columbines in many colors have been added and also the Lion's Tail, the apple-scented *Salvia*, and many more. It is a veritable riot of color, and yet full of harmony, with its mediating notes of many greens. A classic pergola on the west, the only typical Greek bit of architecture in the grounds, invites one to sit down on its rustic

benches to drink in the enchanting picture of floral life. Of the many secluded spots, this is the most fascinating retreat, offering alike warmth, shelter, and stimulus for further work. The pergola on the south, crowned with wooden beams, opens up another picture of great restfulness in the simple tree-bordered space of a well-kept lawn. It was here that a Shakespearean play found its delightful outdoor setting, under a southern sky.

After having discovered the Montezuma Garden, one becomes curious as to other obscured garden units — and many there are, giving endless pleasures. North of the great Cathedral will be found a fine open park, ready to receive the weary wanderer. In fact nowhere has the impression been allowed to develop that you are behind a building in the sense of being in a backyard. Walking around and behind the building is one of the great pleasures at this Exposition. The intimate side of the Exposition reveals itself here. The loving care of the gardener who leads the eye from the buildings gently over trees, shrubs, into the ground is manifest at every turn. It is here that we feel the difference between the new and the old type of exposition. Here you can see behind the screen, so to speak, without fear of sham and plaster of Paris deceit. Order and care has been maintained with all that regard for the finer and lasting effects that attention to detail will create.

But the call of the Prado is still as strong as ever. There are still two intimate secluded gardens which each deserve the fullest attention for their individual charm. They are both of

the patio type, and situated within the Science and Education Building. The larger one of the two, enclosed on three sides by the building walls of severe plainness, with only the single decorative emphasis of an ornate doorway, is typical of the Spanish or Spanish-American inner courts. It has all the privacy and charm of seclusion which is appealing in a country where privacy in gardens is hardly known. Here at San Diego, where the success of this unique loitering-spot of subtropical climes has been so well demonstrated, one is made to wonder why so very seldom one meets with its adaptations in our California dwellings. We adhere religiously to the old-fashioned conservatory rather than take advantage of the outdoor possibilities of a small open court. The luxuriant plant growth here possible under ideal conditions has produced a paradise in these secluded spots which is not rivalled in the most favored spaces anywhere in the Exposition. In contrast to the English-garden effect of the Montezuma garden across the Prado, its vegetation is truly tropical. Right at the entrance, at either side of a few steps leading up from the arcade, are standing guard, with outstretched arms, two belligerent looking Dragon trees, of the *Dracæna* family. A refreshing area of grass leads up all around against the solid wall of Bananas, Bamboo, Ferns, Papyrus, grouped in a most effective way, giving each one its opportunity to show off its foliage of unimpaired growth. Creeping and pushing through from everywhere, vines of all sorts ramble and clamber over the bushes and trees, in their effort to reach

sunlight above. Here we meet again the solid yellow note of the *Bignonia venusta*, furnishing the play of the Spanish colors with their neighbor below, the intensely red poinsettia. Color everywhere, the sky above, the glistening tiles of the tower at the southeast corner — everything contributes to the vigorous contrasts of this yet placid retreat. At the edge of the shrubbery the blue African daisy and the Begonias, with many harmonious reds, lead a happy life under ideal conditions. After getting accustomed to the half-dark, one discovers Pan grinning from the seclusion of the shrubbery. He presides over two small fountains, spouting water merrily from a pedestal into a little stone basin. The elusive element, introduced merely in a suggestive way, completes the happy picture of comfort and seclusion.

A little further up, at the corner of the Science and Education Building, a yet smaller patio has been introduced. Every arch of the adjoining arcade discloses a different picture of it. In many respects it is very much like the larger patio, but on close inspection reveals many individual charming notes. The central feature again is a small Pan fountain, peeking out of the sheltering shades furnished by the large leaves of the Elephant's Ear (*calladium*), a native of Hawaii. Great strains of the *Solanum jasminoides* add their silvery note to the grey blue of the *eucalypti*, competing with the ever-present glory of the gorgeous *Bignonias* and *Bougainvilleas*. Away up on the plain east wall of the building forming the patio a typical Spanish balcony, half hidden amidst the feathery young

THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY BUILDING

growth of the Eucalyptus, arouses romantic thoughts. A carelessly flung rug hangs lazily over the railing, and one stops for awhile to see a Spanish Señorita step out from within to complete the picture. But one wanders on under the arcade to meet Pan once more, at the head of a formal little avenue bordered by the glossy foliage of the *Eugenia myrtifolia.*

One is much tempted to lose oneself in the maze of curved paths running everywhere around the outside of the buildings. But instead one yields to the alluring strains of Spanish music which come from within the sheltered porch of the Sacramento Valley Building. We have arrived once more at the Plaza de Panama — the great playground and resting place alike. I think nobody ever passes the Plaza de Panama without resting awhile, in the sun or under the shadows of the buildings, to absorb the picture of Spanish-Italian atmosphere which always prevails here. The Spanish-Mexican dancers, to the accompaniment of singers and mandolin players, furnish a very fine typical note that nobody can help stopping to enjoy, if only for a short space of time. Their colorful costumes, the short black bolero jackets and white waists, together with the bright yellow and red skirts, make a striking picture. The men of the group stand back with unemotional faces, taking apparently little interest in anything but their own singing and playing.

By this time the pigeons have boldly introduced themselves to even the most unconcerned visitor. Fluttering down from the arcades and eaves of the buildings, they take the most

friendly attitude, which, however, is based on pure selfishness. Their ever-ready beaks investigate everywhere for food, and they don't even stop at descending boldly upon the various parts of human anatomy offering a foothold. They seem at home everywhere — on hats, on shoulders, on the lap of every visitor who is willing to contribute food from liberally purchased grain packages. The pigeons to my mind furnish the most unique note of the Exposition, and it was a very good idea to encourage the first few of these winged ornaments to stay and make themselves at home. Now their number is hundreds. They seem to be everywhere on the Plaza, particularly where choice morsels of food are distributed by ever-ready visitors. To sit on one of the benches and watch these birds in their individual behavior is most entertaining. They are all different in color, ranging from pure black and white, from the slate-blue of the unadulterated carrier-pigeons, through every conceivable shade and tint of color. By and by one begins to recognize certain ones of them among the many. As different as their colors, so are their manners. Some are clownishly pirouetting around, showing off in youthful vanity — others are sedate, stiffly holding up their manly chests as if they had to uphold the dignity of all birddom. All are intensely interested in eating, only interrupting their material pursuits to make love to each other, in the true manner of human beings. They are a great family and they seem all to be guided by a common understanding of signals. Suddenly they will all rise and with clapping wings perform great rhythmic

A PATH BEHIND THE BUILDINGS

swirls over plaza and around towers, to settle down again to eating and love-making. The pigeons of San Marco are older as an institution, but the pigeons of San Diego have a faithfulness to a spot which is surprising considering their recent settlement.

Living in close company with the pigeons, the peacocks assume their characteristic attitude of superiority. Strutting about in aristocratic fashion, disdainfully, without scrambling for it, they condescend to peck some of the tendered food. They do not mingle with the crowd, and they barely tolerate the company of the pheasants, who in their gorgeous plumage seem to incite them to jealousy and anger. The peacocks, however, do not hesitate a bit to show off. Spreading their tails with wild agitation, they are a curious combination of dignity and silliness. The little Australian bush-fowl and guinea-hen complete the picture. It seems so logical to animal and man alike — the impression grows everywhere that here is an old and settled estate, with all the charming detail which only individual attention and appreciation of a true milieu can produce. One leaves the plaza only with much regret, with the knowledge of a certain return to bathe in the sun and listen to Spanish music and the cooing of pigeons.

Further up the Prado to the left, the Moorish Gardens hold many attractions to the lover of nature. Here water has been used generously and with fine effect. There is no irregular surface of water anywhere in the Exposition with the exception of the pool under the bridge, and

all the water used everywhere else gives the impression of serving as the piquant contrast in the vast expanse of garden land. The Laguna in the Botanical Garden is situated in so sheltered a place that it affords reflected pictures of its architectural surroundings all day long, and its name, Laguna de Espejo, Mirror Lake, soon becomes justified to the visitor. It has all the characteristics of a formal Spanish pool. Rectangular in shape, of good proportion, it is surrounded by a narrow strip of lawn. Broad walks lead all around, offering many opportunities for rest in amply provided benches. The Laguna itself is almost devoid of aquatic plant life, in contrast with its adjoining neighbor the Lagunita, which continues the pool, being really only a smaller part of it on the other side of the east and west axis of the Botanical Garden in front of the Botanical Building. The Lagunita is alive with the growth of all sorts of *Nymphæa*. Lilies of all colors have found here a congenial place, sending forth their best flower effects. There is the pure white with yellow center, the pure yellow, the light and dark pink, ranging into darker reds. Pale and dark purple are also in evidence, and one concludes once more that as soon as one has made the reassuring discovery that there is one plant which occurs in one color only, in pure white, one has to learn that nature's playfulness will not tolerate such limited range of color in one flower. The Lagunita is full of goldfish which thrive under the sheltering shades of the expansive leaves of the mysterious pond-lilies.

Before entering the Botanical Building, two

THE FOOD PRODUCTS BUILDING, SEEN FROM THE REAR OF THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA COUNTIES BUILDING

fountain bowls at either end of the central path become increasingly interesting, largely by their grotesquely shaped Baroque fountain heads. The Pan motif is here used once more, in a quadrangle combination of the grinning grotesqueness of the ruler of bullrushes and reeds. The only strictly classic bit of architecture has once more been used in the pergola at the west end. It is the same as in the Montezuma Garden and it arouses curiosity again on account of its strictly Greek note. The Botanical Building resolves itself into a real joke. One immediately discovers that the raison d'être for most Botanical buildings does not exist here. One observes that there is no difference whatever between the luxurious growth of the gardens everywhere in the Exposition and the carefully tended growth within the building. What seems at first to be a sheltering roof turns out to be a lattice roof admitting light and air of the same kind one finds without. A Botanical Building in San Diego is a joke. I cannot help it. A climate which will produce Poinsettias, the tender *Bignonias*, the *Begonia*, and the *Bougainvillea* in such profusion outdoors surely needs no sheltered buildings to produce an array of flowers, all kinds of palms, and trees which do equally well outside. I could not help pitying all those incarcerated flowers, which seemed as if confined in a hospital for observation. The Cocos palm does not seem any grander here than outside and the majestic rubber-tree does not send out its branches, with large-lobed leaves, any more vigorously than in the open. Even the *Strelitzia* I have seen at San Diego doing

just as well as here under a bower of wooden lath. Its peculiarly shaped spike of blue flowers explains vividly its popular name, "Bird of Paradise."

On closer investigation one discovers the smaller part of the house given over to the heated atmosphere of tropical plant life. Here we meet the rare children of the tropics, with a humid atmosphere for their existence. A rare line of *Vitis utilis* is twining along the steel beams, sending down its aerial roots into the lukewarm waters of the pool. Here and there these roots hang so closely as to give the effect of a portière. Then here are the many rare ferns, like the elkhorn ferns and the large perforated leaves of a plant named *Monstera deliciosa*, the "delicious monster." It also has aerial roots and a most decided tropical appearance, and the fruit is said to be delicious, if one may believe it of a monster. Another plant attracting attention is the climbing fern of Japan. It is a splendid climber, and here it makes a fine showing. In the pool an aquatic plant with finely cut leaves floats in many places. It is burdened with a most formidable botanical name—*Myriopyllum Proserpinacoides*. In spite of Proserpina's participation in the botanical name, it is called Parrot's feather for short. One soon gets a longing to be relieved of the enervating, heated air of the artificially produced tropical atmosphere and to be out again in the open, which is only a short step.

To the student of plant life there is no end of pleasure in San Diego. Back of the Botanical Building stands, amidst tropical surroundings,

THE PERGOLA IN THE BOTANICAL GARDEN

a Japanese Tea House. The type is always so very well preserved in these quaint and intimate expressions of a wonderfully artistic people. No matter where one goes, no matter in what climes, in Europe or in America, one always has the feeling that the guiding spirit behind this pavilion is one and the same influence, and possibly it is, since many of the important features are the result of religious and other ideas based on sentiment. The stone lanterns, the high-arched bridge, the bronze crane, are all suggestive of the fact that it is not alone their decorative effect but the story they tell which demands their presence. Everything is in the right place and placed in such a way as to give the best effect. It is indeed marvelous to study the apparent irregularity and disorder of a Japanese garden and to discover that its arrangement is order in the best sense. Every path leads somewhere and never more than once to the same spot. Curving and recurving, they open vistas that one cannot help but notice, always created with fine regard for light and background. No matter how recent such a Japanese garden may be — like the one here — it has at once the appearance of having been in existence for a long time. Every space has its suitable occupant, and while there is an immense variety of different plants in them, they are never fussy. The use of water is equally successful, for example, in their clever and convincing imitation of the entire course of a stream, from the remote mountain spring to the inland lake, animated by many grotesquely shaped goldfish. In the curious forms of the goldfish the Japanese mind

expresses its experimenting genius, which runs through all Japanese activities.

From the intimate character of the Japanese garden we eventually reach, through a sheltered path between the Café Cristobal and the Food Products Building, a large open square given over entirely to a formal garden effect. Devoted to flowers exclusively, it is a very gay spot at all seasons. Roses in early summer, later on *Penstemon* and Canterbury Bells, furnish great beds of color. This is a more spectacular spot in the Exposition picture, and those who long for absolute quiet, for a "buen retiro," must follow the driveway "El Paseo," which leads to the south gate. Here we find the Pepper Grove, which to the easterner has more charm than to the Californian, who is well acquainted with the unmanageable forms of this delicately leaved tree. The Pepper Grove offers absolute quiet and plenty of shade where one can rest, or move over to the edge and bask in the sun and inhale the refreshing breezes which blow in from the sea.

Soon the sun will have dipped into the ocean behind Point Loma, and the Exposition presents itself at night in a new appeal. There is no new experimentation in evidence here in the field of lighting. The historical style so consistently followed demanded lantern brackets and visible sources of light, which have all been distributed without any effect of confusion or annoyance. The Exposition at night, with a black-blue sky above, is full of mystery and enchantment. The long, low-ceilinged arcades seem twice as long at night, in their endless

THE PAN FOUNTAIN

rhythm of arches. Shadows are everywhere, but never a feeling of unsafeness steals upon one. The heavy ornamentation of the buildings casts curious shadow-faces on the walls and the deeply-set windows become dark notes on the large open surfaces. It is the picture of a mediæval city rather than of a modern Exposition. One looks for figures in historical dress, for Romeos and Juliets, but they do not appear, and the modern lover and his lady fair furnish many conventional substitutes. It is a fine place to be at night, since the problem of a safe return to the city through undesirable quarters does not exist. A broad thread of light leads back your way to the city by the sea. The great tower is a blaze of light, reaching boldly into the sky, not only for this but for all future generations.

It is this thought which controls one's mind in speculating whether it was worth while to make this effort, single-handed, so to speak. It was worth while — not only for the enormous dignity of the undertaking but also for its educational value to the lay masses. Even if the less permanent buildings are eventually removed and their ground areas filled in with landscape gardens, the beauty of the ensemble will suffer little. The California Quadrangle alone, the structure alike most successful and most conspicuous, will give a lasting interest to this great permanent park. Every avenue will have some permanent emphasis, like the great Organ, and further up the Laguna the Botanical Garden scheme. It is a very pleasing thought of the San Diego of the future with its ever-

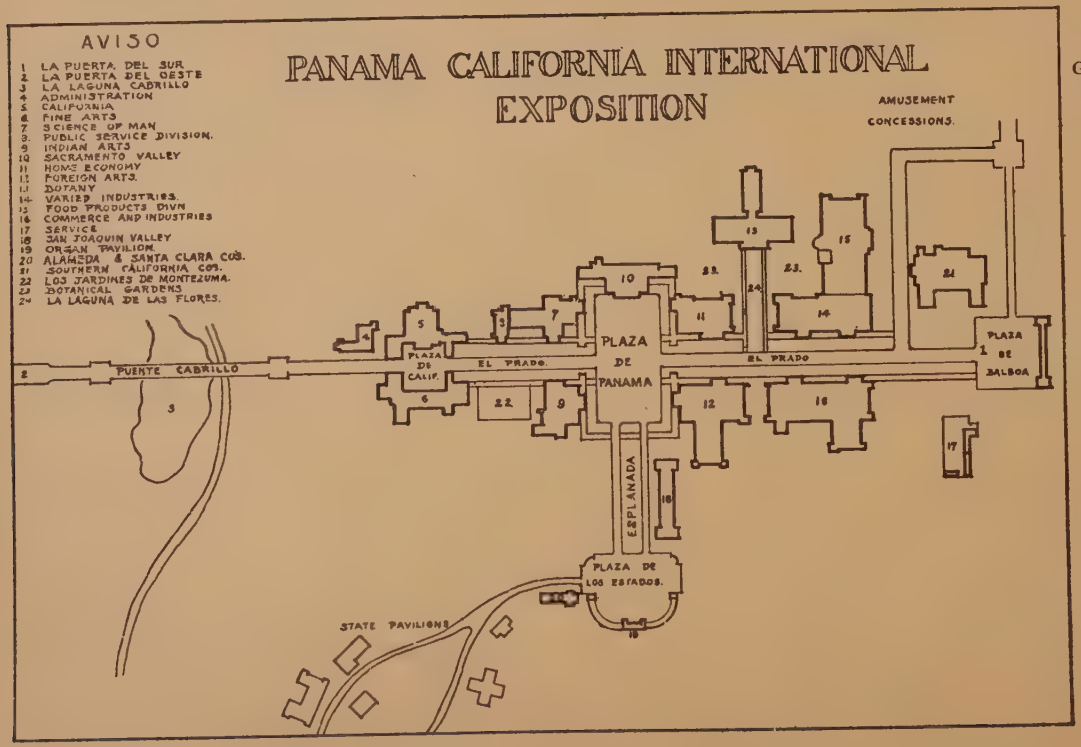
growing development entirely encircling this great garden spot we now admire as an Exposition. One by one I hope to see such buildings as the Sacramento Valley Building replaced just as they stand today, in permanent material, to satisfy the growing need for Museum Buildings. One by one I hope to see many of them replaced to demonstrate the permanent value of the art of the city planner, which is so convincing here in its practical and æsthetic aspects alike.

San Diego may well be proud of her accomplishments, achieved out of the strength of her own resources. During the year 1916 much of what seemed new and crude will become toned down by the mellowing influence of the elements, and her flora will jubilantly blossom forth again. The *Bougainvilleas* will send out again their myriads of gaily colored flower bracts. The *Bignonia* will again seem to crush the arcades under the wealth of their masses of flowers. Again the pigeons will encircle the plaza in happy abandon, augmented by the cautious flocks of their new broods — all sure of sustenance and protection. The atmosphere of sanguine Spanish life will prevail, under the same skies which led Father Serra to feel at home in a new country full of promise and danger alike. The effect of the Exposition, in a country scarcely shaped into a permanent type, cannot but yield the benefits of this revival of an old, impressive civilization. The San Diego Exposition will not have been a mere celebration. It will be considered a milestone in the civilization of the West.

APPENDIX

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

ALLEN, FRANK P., JR.,	(Architect) San Diego. Born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, 1876. Educated at the University of Michigan. Director of Works. The laying out and construction of the buildings and grounds outside of the California Quadrangle.
GOODHUE, BERTRAM GROSVENOR,	(Architect) New York. Born at Pomfort, Connecticut, 1869. Studied at home and abroad. Supervising and Consulting Architect of the Exposition. The California Quadrangle.
MORLEY, JOHN,	(Landscape Engineer) San Diego. Born in Scotland. Superintendent of Parks.
OLMSTED, JOHN,	(Landscape Architect) Brookline, Massachusetts. Born at Geneva, Switzerland, of American parents, 1852. Studied at Yale and with Frederic Law Olmsted. Consulting Landscape Architect.
PICCIRILLI, FURIO,	(Sculptor) New York. Born in Massa, Italy, 1868. Studied abroad. The sculptural architectural decorations of the Exposition in collaboration with his brothers.
PICCIRILLI, ATTILIO,	(Sculptor) New York. Born in Massa, Italy, 1866. Studied abroad.
PICCIRILLI, THOMAS,	(Sculptor) New York. Born in Massa, Italy, 1876. Studied in the United States.
PICCIRILLI, HORATIO,	(Sculptor) New York. Born in Massa, Italy, 1878. Studied in the United States.
PICCIRILLI, SETALIO,	(Sculptor) New York. Born in Massa, Italy, 1880. Studied in the United States.
STEWART, HUMPHREY JOHN,	(Musician and Composer) San Diego. Born London, 1856. Studied abroad. Exposition Organist.
WINSLOW, CARLETON MONROE,	(Architect) San Diego. Born Damariscotta, Maine, 1876. Studied abroad. Resident Architect representing Mr. Goodhue. Superintendent of Construction of the California Quadrangle.



GROUND PLAN OF THE EXPOSITION

THE SAN DIEGO GARDEN FAIR BY EUGEN NEUHAUS, PUBLISHED BY PAUL ELDER & COMPANY, SAN FRANCISCO, WAS PRINTED AT THEIR TOMOYE PRESS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF H. A. FUNKE, IN MARCH, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN